The Zoo

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by orphan_account

Summary

When people start disappearing near Will Graham's hometown outside New Orleans, the BSU is called in to investigate. The team now has to scramble to find something before the kidnapper strikes again, and with no ransom note, no bodies, and no connection between the victims, the task is becoming more and more challenging.

A Mission of Sorts

Will walked into the lab, groaning and rubbing his eyes. His awful sleep patterns are getting worse as the days progress, and the lack of sleep was catching up to him. It was taking all of his focus to make it to the lab before his legs collapsed under him as he wandered into the morgue, nearly running into Beverly. Looking into her dark brown eyes, he cringed as the concern colored her features.

“You know, you have time to duck out before Jack shows up.” She said, only half-joking, and God, did Will want to throttle her. He could practically taste her fear, the taste was familiar. It clouded whatever room, thick and sour. Everyone was waiting for him to snap one day, hell he was starting to wonder when it would happen too. He sagged down into the nearest chair and prayed that whatever Jack wanted could be solved quickly. Fat chance, seeing as how he was about as lucky as a cat in a dog show. Closing his eyes, he tried to picture his river in order to calm himself a little, but even that had become distorted.

The once crisp clean water had become putrid smelling, the water the color of dried blood. The fish were all belly up, bloated, their dead eyes unseeing and hollow. He could feel the breath of that damn stag falling across his neck, but he wouldn’t acknowledge it. He couldn’t without feeling the need to puke.

The slam of the door opening brought him out of his silent hell. Will jerked out of his chair and to see an enraged Jack pacing the floor. Will hoped he was attempting to calm down a little so he could speak at an acceptable volume.

Jack stopped and took a breath, and Will allowed himself to hope.

“I just got off the phone with the Inspector General, we’re relocating for a while.” Jack spoke through clenched teeth. Will wondered what would happen if they cracked under the pressure. Will would probably laugh himself stupid if Jack’s teeth cracked before he did.

Jack paused to breathe heavily through his nose, reminding Will of the stag that is always behind him, whether or not he’s asleep. He closed his eyes again, anyway, and let the feathers of the beast brush over his shoulder, tickling his cheek.

“I’m sorry, Will am I boring you?” Jack snapped. He was finally yelling again.

“I’m sorry Jack, continue what were you saying about relocation?” Will sighed, he really was not in the mood to deal with Jack at the moment, but he didn’t have much of a choice. He really regrets not taking Beverly’s advice earlier.

“As I was saying,” Jack growled, teeth clenched again, “the Inspector General wants us to temporarily relocate us to New Orleans to solve a string of disappearances before the trail goes cold. Our branch located down there is fresh out of ideas so she called us in, completely ignoring the fact that we have our own asses handed to us by a killer in Baltimore.”
Will felt a chill go down his spine when Jack said they were going back to his hometown. He knew for a fact that his old boss would know the second he arrived back in town. He

definitely won't be happy about Will's return, probably thinking he was coming back to upstage him after he was discharged. Hopefully his old partner was still there, but he doubted it. Racial aggression was bad enough in the force when he was there, and he was one of the only ones who wasn't a complete asshole to her, and they got along really well. He hoped she was tenacious enough to stay on the force though, there was a shortage of decent cops in his town.

"Wait, so is it temporary, or-?" Price asked, trailing off when Jack's glare turned on him.

"It's looking temporary for the moment, but they're putting us up in motels for a while. If that isn't good enough for a long term stay then it's coming out of your pockets. We're leaving in a week, settle anything you can before we head out. Will, you're breaking the news to Dr. Lecter and Dr. Bloom."

"Fun stuff." Will said, hauling himself out of his chair, already pulling out his phone. He knew his step-mother would skin him alive if she found out he was back home and wasn't staying with her. He finally made it to his office, where his TA, Marisol was waiting with coffee and an apologetic smile.

"Dr. Lecter came by earlier, he wanted to know why Jack wanted him up here, but no one told him where you guys were meeting. I told him I didn't know where you guys were, so he left. He might be looking for you guys. Thought I'd let you know." She said taking a sip from her own coffee, a look of bliss coloring her features.

"So, what's on the itinerary today, boss?" her accented words floating past Will, causing him to jerk up from his phone.

"Hand me the syllabus, please. I think, I need to see if I can fit in the lecture on psychological traumatic influence on serial killers." Will said. He doubted he could though, these days Marisol or Alana have to cover most of his classes. It's good work for Marisol, but she's still a student, she has her own work to do, so does Alana. Each missed day results in more guilt over the work he's put on Marisol, and now he has to break the news that he'll be on a prolonged absence, possibly even missing finals. That was going to be a fun conversation.

"If there isn't enough time you could have them research them on their own. They'll complain, but most will appreciate the extra points in the long run."

"You always know what to say, Marisol. God I'm so out of it." Will groaned, throwing his glasses onto the desk and rubbing his eyes.

"You're doing your best, boss man." Marisol said, her too-calm voice grating his nerves.

"Look," Will sighed, "I have bad news. Jack's pulling me out of class for a project. We're leaving in a week. After my last class today I have to email the department head to have someone assigned here. Until then, they might make you take over the class, and while I know my notes are detailed, it's not fair to you, I'll see if I can find an actual replacement."

Marisol sighed and plopped down in the chair across from his. "Yeah, that sucks Will, but it's not your fault. I understand Jack's a hardass. Just, don't get too fucked up when you're in a

place where I can't even provide you with coffee that may or may not be drugged."

Will was so used to Marisol's jokes about his paranoia that she was drugging his coffee with something to make him relax, that he didn't even bat an eye her comment. He offered up a small smile to her.

"Besides," She continued, "This is probably karma for when I went to go visit my family in Colombia last semester, and didn't tell you."

"Ugh, never do that again. I thought you died. You could've emailed me. It's a simple way to get in touch with others, right after phone calls and text messages. " Will said.

"You don't text, and you barely get signal out in the badlands where you live."

"I do not live in the badlands, Marisol." Will griped.

"Whatever, boss." She laughed before turning back to her work.

An Invitation

Chapter Summary

Hannibal learns some valuable information about Will's family.

Hannibal walked back in to Will's classroom feeling entirely frustrated. Jack called him about a meeting today, and the irate man didn't bother telling him where the meeting was being held. He stood at Will's desk, hoping that Will would appear soon. He was becoming bored and he didn't bring his iPad with him because he was expecting the meeting to occupy him. Looking over, he saw the light to Will's office was still on. Hannibal sighed and walked towards the room. He supposed he could benefit from talking to Will's TA again. Every time he's meet her, she's been kind to him. Knocking on the door, he opened it, and was delighted to find that Will was there instead of Marisol.

"Ah, Will, there you are. I was told there was to be an important meeting, but I'm afraid I missed it. When Jack called me, he failed to tell me where the meeting was." Hannibal said with the slightest hint of irritation.

"Ah, well you're in luck then because I've been told to tell you that we have a new case in New Orleans." Will said with false sincerity.

"Your old hometown, I believe, isn't it Will?" Hannibal asked.

"You know damn well that that's my old hometown, Hannibal." Will snapped.

"Will," Hannibal said sternly. He made a mental note to adjust his dosage of the hallucinogens he's been drugging Will with. This recent cocktail seems to increase Will's aggression levels slightly. A minor adjustment should see to that. Hannibal can't have Will being arrested for assault this late in their little game. Not when it was getting so interesting.

"I'm sorry, Hannibal. I've just been so hostile lately, god I don't even know what's happening to me anymore." Will said, hanging his head in his head.

"Well, despite the fact that we will be working, I hope that you will take this opportunity to relax and catch up with some old friends."

"Ugh, that reminds me, I need to call my sister, she'll be happy I'm coming down. She'll most likely make me stay with her." Will paused. "Dr. Lecter I hate to impose but, if she makes me stay with my family, then would you mind staying with me? I – I don't want to impose upon you, but I can pretty much guarantee that my parent's home is much nicer than any motel.

“At the risk of sounding crass, William, and for that I apologize, but I was under the impression that you grew up in poverty.”

“Yeah I did, until I was twelve and my dad married my mom’s sister right before my thirteenth birthday. He moved us both into her house and they’ve been together ever since, sort of. You’ll meet them both soon. They’re fun people.” Will said with a bitter voice.

“The hint of bitterness in your voice says otherwise, Will.”

“Ah well, let’s see, my father was rarely home, often out cheating on Kathy, and vice versa. Neither of them had a job, both living off Kathy’s fortune, both abused me, my cousin Grayson, but they left our sister, Cameron alone.”

Infidelity has its risks, Doctor, my father had another child out of wedlock and Kathy had two. She also contracted AIDS. So that was a fun family meeting. Dad sued Kathy for exposing him to it and won her entire family’s fortune, despite the fact that he didn’t contract anything. So we ended up owning the house and most everything in it, and dad just, did what he wanted. He left us alone, and we got to explore my mother’s family home.”

“And your mother never returned?”

“Sometimes she would visit, I remember her sometimes showing up when I was little, but I only remember her fighting with her sister then leaving.”

“Interesting. Well, I am eager to meet your family, Will.”

“Fair warning, my sister, Indigo is a horrible person.” Will laughed.

“Then why are you going to visit her if I may ask?”

“Hmm? Oh my father’s daughter, Eryn is a delightful person, you’ll like her. Dad moved her in after he kicked Kathy out of the house.” Will said, pulling out his phone. “Excuse me, doctor I have to call her now before I forget.” He said, standing up and leaving the office to talk in the classroom.
Hannibal digested the new knowledge the man provided for him. Everything Will told him about his family would go into his files for personal use. He would leave this out of the professional profiles in order to keep Will’s trust, should he ever demand the files.

Hannibal stepped closer to the door in order to hear Will’s muffled voice better.

“Yeah, yeah I’m going to be home for a while solving a case. I – yeah I’m staying. Ah, yeah I – no I don’t need any. Look just try to keep Indigo out of the house until I leave, that shouldn’t be too much of a problem Grayson hates her enough as it is. Oh, and I’m bringing a guest. My psychiatrist. Yeah, his name is Dr. Hannibal Lecter. No, god knows the guestrooms could be featured on an episode of hoarders. Look, just move the spare bed into my room. It’ll be fine. If it’s not I’ll, I don’t know, sleep on the couch. Or I’ll bunk with Grayson he won’t mind. Yeah. I love you too, alright, bye.”

By the time Will made it back to his office, Hannibal was a safe distance away from the door, thus could not be accused of listening in on his conversation. Will gave him a sheepish look the second he walked through the door. “Hey ah, my sister said there’d be room for you, but you’re going to have to bunk with me, if that’s alright?”

“That should be fine, it will allow me an opportunity to observe your sleeping habits.” Hannibal said, already planning what he was going to do to the empath.

Interlude

New Orleans, LA

The August heat was bearing down on him, causing sweat to roll down his face and into his eyes. He sat on the porch outside his house, watching as people wandered by doing their daily errands. No matter what people did they always *fascinated* him.

He grinned as he saw small children chase each other in a game of cops and robbers, laughing quietly to himself when the smallest one tripped and fell face first into the gravel. Immediately she began to scream for her mother to come for her.
He could feel his grin expanding as the child's mother ran to her aid. Curious how the child is still young enough to expect her mother to immediately take away her pain. He watched as a woman sprinted out of her house to run to the child. He stood up, grabbing his hat and running down to where the kids were gathered around the crying girl.

"Excuse me, ma'am? Is she alright?" He asked the girl's mother, "I was outside and I heard screaming." At the mother's wary look he added on, "Don't worry I'm a nurse."

"Oh, yeah she just fell, I'm sure she'll be ok." The mother said relaxing slightly. Turning back to her quietly sniffling child she began to inspect her daughter's cuts.

"It doesn't look like she'll need stitches or anything, I think I have some antibiotics from the hospital in the house. I can bring you some real quick." He said standing up.

"Oh, um sure. I'm in that house over there." The woman said, pointing at the house she had run out of, three doors down from where he was staying. He smiled and nodded at her before taking off. He grinned to himself as he burst into his house and licked his lips thinking about where the last time he put his antibiotic cream. Running into the bathroom he threw open the medicine cabinet and grinned when he saw the tube.

"Ah, found you!" He said, running outside.

He slowed to a walk when he saw that the mother and child were missing from the group of children, who had already gone back to their game.

Looking at the house where the woman pointed to, he wandered up to it and grinned as he saw the mother walk out onto the porch and waved at her, holding up his disinfectant.

"Hey thanks!" she said, "I have some over the counter stuff, but nothing's better than the hospital grade stuff."

"Yeah, it's alright, just apply it twice a day and give it back after the cuts have scabbed over."

"Oh thanks, um where do you live?"

“I live over there in the house with the brick mailbox. Just stick it in there. I’ll see you later, Nicole.” He said walking off the porch.

Nicole’s smile faltered. She didn’t remember giving the man her name.

A Missing Paitent

Chapter Summary

Abigail goes missing

Alana strode through the Baltimore state mental facility purposefully. She just received a call from the head of the facility that Abigail had broken out again. This was the third time in the past two weeks, and each time was different, so it was impossible to catch her. Abigail refused to talk about why she broke out with Alana, or Hannibal. She had a feeling Will knew, but he wouldn't say anything about it.

"Alright," Alana said walking into the Director's office, "Where is my patient this time?"

"We don't know Dr. Bloom. She's completely off the grid for now and I can't seem to find her. Honestly we don't have this problem with any other patient currently. I don't know how she's getting out. We still haven't figured out how she got out last time!"

"Look, I'll call Will Graham, she was on her way to his house the last time she went missing."

"Do you think he helps her break out?" the head therapist asked.

"No, there's no way. He was nowhere around each time she disappeared and she headed someplace different each time. The first time she went to her family home, second she came to my house and the third, she was on her way to Will's. I'm just calling him to let him know. He worries about her, more than recommended actually. He took a family member so he feels the need to replace the member he took."

"Interesting, can you see a pattern in where she goes? Going by her records, there aren't many people left on her list to visit, do you think she might start at the beginning?"

"No, I think she's trying to find a refuge, and once she finds it, she'll stop. I'll try calling Dr. Lecter instead, she might be headed to his house, or his practice." Alana pulled out her phone and pulled up Hannibal's number.

Hello Alana, I presume you're looking for Abigail?" came the tinny greeting over the phone.

"Yes! Hannibal, is she there?" Alana almost shouted.

"She just showed up at my front door. I suggest letting her stay for the night, at least to figure out what she wants."

"Hannibal that is ill advised-"

“Alana, she will simply continue to break out of the facility the more you continue to hinder her. Allow her to have a night away from the facility in a safe space that she believes she has set up. Right now she is in my guest bathroom cleaning up. She took a taxi here, using some money she had saved up. Allow her to have rest, and I will call you first thing in the morning with answers.” Alana sighed, knowing she lost this argument with her mentor. “Alright, Hannibal. But if anything happens, it’s on you.”

”Of course, you have my word that she is in good hands, Alana. Goodbye.” Hannibal said, before hanging up.
Alana sighed and put her phone away. “Call off the search, Dr. Michaels. Dr. Lecter has her and he recommends staying the night. As her psychiatrist, I’m allowing it. Abigail’s mental health is my top priority, and both Dr. Lecter and I believe this will be good for her, rather than just hauling her back here without any answers.”

“Alana I advise against it,” Dr. Michaels protested, “she is here, because outside forced would otherwise influence her therapy.”

“Hannibal Lecter is a renowned psychiatrist, he will take necessary precautions to make sure my patient doesn’t relapse. I will call later tonight, to make sure Abigail is still in the house, and I have no doubt that Hannibal will monitor her and make sure she doesn’t escape. I promise that she will be fine.”

“Alright, I’ll trust your judgement, Dr. Bloom, but if reserve the right to pull the plug on her therapy with you should she make a break for it under your mentor’s care.” The overworked man said before reaching for his phone, presumably to call off the search for her.

“Thank you, doctor.” Alana said before walking back out of the room. Now that that had been settled, she could go check up on Will, who, despite it not being written on paper, she considered the man her patient as well as a friend.

Across the city, Hannibal was preparing to go hunting. Abigail walked back into the room clutching in her hand a business card she grabbed from his Rolodex.

“How long did it take you to get out of the facility this time?” He asked pulling up a recipe he saved on his iPad.

“Thirty minutes, less than last time.” She responded, “They posted a new guard outside my room, I don’t like him. He doesn’t do his job well, but I was able to bribe my way past him. He was satisfied with just oral sex.”

“Abigail, soon you will have to learn how to make your way in and out of a building without trading sexual favors with others.” Hannibal reprimanded.

“Yeah, well I have to get to you somehow. You promised you would continue teaching me to hunt like my dad did. You can’t exactly do that if I’m stuck in the facility.” She protested. Abigail has heard Hannibal’s protests on her escape plans before. Crass and tactless, he called it.

Hannibal just shook his head at her, grabbed the business card from her outstretched hand, and told her to get ready to leave.

Chapter 5

Will woke up to his cellphone blaring at him that he had a call from Jack. Groaning, he looked down at the spilled bottle of whiskey that he dropped in his drunken stupor. *At least the dogs knew better than to come near it.* Will thought to himself. His phone stopped ringing, only to start right back up again less than a minute later.
"Alright if that's how it's going to be, then fine Jack. You can stew until my hangover is at least at manageable levels." Will grumbled, snatching his shirt over his head to mop up the whiskey. Suddenly, his house phone started ringing, he didn't have caller ID, but he was pretty sure it was Jack again.

"Fucking fine!" Will said, throwing the whiskey soaked shirt across the room to snatch the phone off the cradle.

"What?" he snapped at Jack, hoping to at least buy him some time to think of a better excuse as to why he couldn't come to the latest crime scene, aside from a killer hangover or mental instability, Jack wouldn't listen to either one.

"Is that any way to talk to your doting brother?" came a deep voice over the phone.

"Aw shit Gray, I'm sorry. I thought you were my boss." Will sighed, losing all his fire the second he heard Grayson's voice. His aunt's son was always in a good mood, so it was hard to be irritated with him for long, even with a hangover.

"Jesus, if I talked to my boss like she'd have my balls." He laughed, *"So, Bo says you're coming down for a while. Can I ask why? You never come to visit."*

"Gee, between Kathy, my mom, and Indigo, you'd think I'd want to visit all the time, but even their sparkling personalities can't get me out of work."

"Heh, well there's still my pretty face to look at." Grayson laughed, *Are you staying with us, Will?"*

"Well I don't have much of a choice, but I'm bringing a guest, is there a reason I shouldn't bring her?"

"Yeah, Indigo is here, Bo tried to kick her out but we can't get her to leave without her daughter, and we can't exactly let her take Sammie. I hope your guest like stepping over broken glass at three am because she smashed something in a drunken stupor.

"Well he is a psychiatrist, he's probably used to her behavior whether or not he knows it. We should be fine, we're headed down there in a three days and I'd hate to make him book a hotel this close to leaving. We'll be fine, just keep your sister away from me." Will warned, if anyone could make him snap, then Indigo could do it.

"Oh so now she's my sister?"

"She is your sister. Just because I can still claim that we aren't biologically related, doesn't mean that you can just go around jealous that you can't."

Fine, fine. Just know that I can't guarantee your safety or hers if she provokes you into a frenzy."

Will grimaced, and choked out a laugh. He has been trying to keep his mental state a secret from his family, mostly because he remembers the way Bo and Grayson looked at him when they told him about his depression and PTSD. The absolute *pity* in their eyes was enough to make them sick to his stomach. Those two were the only family he cared about and if they looked at him the way they did back then, then he wouldn't be able to control his reaction.

"Alright, well I do need to call my boss later on, so I'll see you later when we come down there."

"Don't work too hard!" Grayson chirped before hanging up.

"If only, if only." Will sighed to himself, going to let the dogs out. They all barreled through the back door at the same time, nails clicking frantically across the wood floor. Will was glad it's been dry these past few weeks, otherwise, they would all need baths. Mango was always the worst culprit, her long hair would come back caked in mud, foliage and whatever else she managed to roll in.

Will stood outside stalling, not wanting to call Jack back about he knew this wasn't a call he could just ignore. He was leaving in a few days, his bags were already packed, and Alana was taking care of his dogs while he was gone. Groaning, he whistled for the dogs to come inside to eat, and pulled out his phone to call Jack.

The man was not happy.

"Well look who decided to return my calls." Jack mocked over the phone.

"What do you want Jack?" Will sighed, snapping his fingers at Buster, who tried to work his way under Bear to get at the larger dog's food without him noticing.

"We think the Ripper struck again." There was an almost frantic note to Jack's voice, and Will knew why. The Ripper was just now starting his sounder, so there will most likely be two more victims while Jack's team was in New Orleans. So now, he would take out his frustrations on Will and anyone else he could abuse including local police, interns, and Brian.

"And what makes you think that, Jack?" Will asked, his bad mood encouraging him to poke the bear.

"Haul your ass down here and find out, Will." Jack said before hanging up. Will sighed and looked at his dogs, happily running around his living room with joy. Winston stopped chasing Dolly to stare at Will in confusion when his master didn't play along. Will just shook his head and went upstairs to change.

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The second Will made it to the crime scene, courtesy of Bev's directions, Jack was on top of him.

"So far we have a pretty solid idea that this is a Ripper scene, but we just wanted to make sure, and we wanted you to build up our profile on the case." Jack led him through the halls of the local city hall, stopping at the Defense Attorney's office. Opening the door, Will was surprised not to be hit with the stench of blood permeating the air.
Inside sat body sliced in half, each one facing each other. The scene was set up so perfectly, that for a moment, Will thought the Ripper had murdered identical twins. Will stepped closer to look at the bodies, only half aware of Jack practically shoving Beverly and Jimmy out of the room. Brian was nowhere to be found.

As Will inspected the right half, he tried not to feel the empty stare of the other half boring into his neck. The right half held a bible in its hand, opened up and hollowed out with the contents of another book replacing it. He stalked to the other side of the right half, he could see that the tongue was burned to a crisp and the brain was missing, along with his kidney.

Will turned to the left half of the body, and looked at the object gripped in his hand. That hand contained another hollowed out book, this one with what was most likely the insides of the bible the other half held.

The open faced side was completely empty, except for bone. Every last piece of the man's left half was scoped out. This was a decently tame setup for a Ripper murder, but there was something odd about this one.

When Will closed his eyes and let the pendulum swing, he saw the Ripper, plain as day, but there was something else that was wrong. Something new and horrible was in the way this time, and Will had no way of knowing what it was.

Walking back outside he saw Hannibal talking to Jimmy of all people, about god knows what. Knowing Jimmy, it was probably about bees, and Hannibal was probably making the conversation about the health merits of eating them, or what religious imagery they serve. He tried to walk over to where they were standing, wanting to ask Jimmy about the body, he was blindsided by Jack who wanted to know what Will saw in there.

"Well?" Jack barked.

"There's something wrong in there. The Ripper was there but something was wrong about the entire scene. It was like, the Ripper himself didn't construct it, but he oversaw it, had a hand in it. It was like there was another person involved, but the Ripper works alone. He always has."

"So what you're saying is, is that the Ripper made a friend?"

"I have no doubt that the Ripper has found many more people like him that would've been happy to be his friend. No, this is different. I just don't know what it is."

"Fine, we're meeting up at the lab to see if we can find something, maybe the Ripper's pseudo accomplice left us something to go on."

An Interesting Development

The second Will made it to the crime scene, courtesy of Bev's directions, Jack was on top of him.

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"Fine, we're meeting up at the lab to see if we can find something, maybe the Ripper's pseudo accomplice left us something to go on.

Back at Quantico, Hannibal was sitting in the corner watching Jack rant and Rave about a ‘possible new opening’ in the Ripper case. He smirked to himself and watched as everyone else roll their eyes when Jack wasn’t looking. They had all heard it before, and each lead was a dead end. If the Ripper wasn’t stupid enough to leave behind a clue, then why would he allow his alleged mystery assistant to leave something incriminating behind.

“Beverly and Brian! I need you both on you’re A-game! There has to be *something!* Will, I want you to go out to the scene again, focus on the other person! Maybe they’ll be easier for you to see, now that you know they’re there.”

“I never said there was another person in the room, I said it *felt* like there *could* be an accomplice in the room. The other person could’ve been another victim or someone who tampered with the scene. Even if it was an accomplice, it was probably a onetime thing, and if we find any incriminating evidence, then the Ripper will probably have his accomplice as victim number two.”

“Well, if you have a better idea then by all means proceed, until then, I want everyone spending our last two days here finding them!” Jack yelled, slamming his meaty fist down on his desk, sending everyone scurrying out of the room.
Hannibal smirked as he stood up, letting his mask slip a little for the thrill of it. It wasn’t everyday Will was this far off the mark. True, he was close, but normally Will was much closer to the target. He looked over at Will who was cradling his face in his hands. He put his hand on Will’s shoulder and bid him to stand up. He led the distressed man out of Jack’s office and out of the bureau to his Bentley.

“You’re in no condition to drive Will, we only have two more days before we leave. Jack isn’t going to find anything. I’ll take you home, I’m sure Alana or Marisol will drive your car to your house.” Hannibal said, already gently shoving Will into his car, taking away his right to refuse, even though Hannibal was confident that any communication from Will was not forthcoming.

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